

PERSONALS

Louis F. Williams of St. Joseph, Mo., arrived Saturday to transact some business, and to visit the family of his brother-in-law, R. E. Hays.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandford Sellers, Jr., who were recently married in Richmond, Kentucky, arrived home Monday morning.

Constipation Cured Overnight.

A small dose of Po-Do-Lax tonight and you enjoy a full, free, easy bowel movement in the morning. No griping for Po-Do-Lax is Podophyllin (May Apple) without the gripe. Po-Do-Lax corrects the cause of Constipation by arousing the Liver, increasing the flow of bile. Bile is Nature's antiseptic in the bowels. With proper amount of bile, digestion in bowels is perfect. No gas, no fermentation, no Constipation. Don't be sick, nervous, irritable. Get a bottle of Po-Do-Lax from your druggist now and cure your constipation overnight.

C. H. Killion and family went to Corder Friday evening to spend the summer.

Mrs. Fred Wilnot returned Friday evening from a visit in Kansas City.

Mrs. W. T. Tutt returned Friday evening from a visit in Higginsville.

A Doctor's Prescription for Cough An Effective Cough Treatment.

One-fourth to one teaspoonful of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken as needed, will soothe and check Coughs, Colds and the more dangerous Bronchial and Lung Ailments. You can't afford to take the risk of serious illness when so cheap and simple a remedy as Dr. King's New Discovery is obtainable. Go to your druggist today, get a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, start the treatment at once. You will be gratified for the relief and cure obtained.

Mrs. Hubert Bates returned Friday evening from a visit in Kansas City.

Miss Kate Tarlton left Tuesday morning for Fort Worth, Texas, where she will engage in Sunday School work.

Thirty-Six For 25 Cents.

Dr. King's New Life Pills are now supplied in well-corked glass bottles, containing 36 sugar coated white pills, for 25c. One pill with a glass of water before retiring is an average dose. Easy and pleasant to take. Effective and positive in results. Cheap and economical to use. Get a bottle today, take a dose tonight—your Constipation will be relieved in the morning. 36 for 25c., at all druggists.

Mrs. H. Mathieson and Miss Agnes Mathieson of St. Paul, Minn., and Mrs. Edgar Harper of Carrollton, Mo., left Saturday morning for Kansas City after a visit here with the family of T. W. Willis.

Neuralgia Pains Stopped.

You don't need to suffer those agonizing nerve pains in the face, head, arm, shoulders, chest and back. Just apply a few drops of soothing Sloan's Liniment; lie quietly a few minutes. You will get such relief and comfort! Life and the world will look brighter. Get a bottle today. 3 ounces for 25 cents at all druggists. Penetrates without rubbing.

Mrs. C. L. Ristine and sister, Miss Lavon Lanyon went to Kansas City Saturday for a visit. Their mother, Mrs. Margaret Lanyon, of Joplin, will accompany them home for a visit.

AFTER MANY YEARS

By ALFRED WILLIAMS.

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"Ragorak," announced Ivan, pointing to the village plainly visible over the intervening miles.

Ragorak! What a world of bitter-sweet memories rose within me! I longed, yet dreaded, to be there. Was Katrina still there? How would she receive me? And Paul—ah, yes, Paul! I shuddered at the thought of him. But I must get to my destination; I must know the facts—the truth.

As Ivan lashed up the horse it occurred to me that I had not known peace of mind for a quarter of a century. Often had I wished to make the trip, but a flourishing business had required almost constant attention. Settling back in the robes, I thought.

The landscape had not altered; no recent buildings marked progress, though the line of telegraph poles along the roadside was new. Just round the bend the horse floundered to his shoulders in a mudhole; the tarantass keeled to one side and I alighted to assist Ivan.

It was then I caught sight of the old Cossack guardhouse, high up on the hill. Again I shuddered.

Originally constructed from bricks of baked clay and quartz sand, during the Tatar invasion in Catherine's time, it had later been used as a shelter in the troublesome military days of two hundred years ago. Near by were the ruins of the officers' quarters, and beyond, those of the men.

But the old guardhouse, partially built into the solid, frowning rock, had resisted the ravages of time. It was within the grim walls that I had seen the last of Paul previous to my departure for America.

Again I let Ivan talk. With much crossing, he told me of its history; of the scenes, brutal and cruel, that had taken place there! of the ghost that made his home in the building, and how everyone shunned the very bill. Even the priests were afraid of it, he said. I laughed to myself, for I had been there many times, and Paul had been there once—just once.

On a sudden impulse I determined to go there before going to the village. Ivan paled at the thought; not for a million rubles would he accompany me. Tremblingly, he agreed to wait for me, and I ascended the steep hill.

Paul and I had been boys of an age. We had many quarrels and always hated each other with an intensity that almost amounted to affection.

Perhaps the expression sounds strange; it is not—that is, to my mind. Both sons of comparatively rich parents, we had been orphaned about the same time. He did me many injuries, petty meannesses of boyhood, and I retaliated in like manner. No, not in like manner; for my brain was quicker than his and more fertile in devising subtle revenge, as you will see.

But these are small things; little nothings of no consequence compared with the cause of my great hatred—Katrina, the starosta's daughter. Katrina of the Golden Hair, I called her; for all the other girls were dark, and Katrina—ah! who can describe Katrina?

That she could prefer Paul never once entered my mind. I was far cleverer, far better set-up. But there is no accounting for a woman's choice. Paul won; he and my Katrina were engaged.

At first I set about for revenge, but soon realized that nothing I could do in the way of retaliation could make up for that. Katrina his, Paul could afford to laugh at me. Finally, I could stand it no longer; I made up my mind to leave for America, where I had relatives.

Setting my affairs in order, I sold out my interests, houses, mill and land.

Paul was away on a trip at the time, so I did not hurry, but sent my baggage ahead to Karnoul, where it would await my arrival. On the day of my departure, I drove over to a neighboring village, Putaski, transacted my business, and in the afternoon drove back along the road below the guardhouse.

The trip that had taken Paul away had been to a remote district on the Manchurian border, and as the way lay across the foothills, the road being rough, it had necessitated travel by foot. Paul was not expected back for at least ten days more; so you may judge, then, of my astonishment at meeting him on the road.

I do not know what possessed me at the time—some devil or a twist in the skein of fate, perhaps. Anyway, I alighted, and at the sight of his cynical smile my blood set itself on fire. We were alone—absolutely alone on the deserted road.

Of course he struggled with all his might. His strength was no match for mine, and soon I had him trussed up like a fowl.

Then I carried him up to the guardhouse.

Fastened to the walls were strong chains, ending in rings for the hands and feet, collars for the neck and bands for the waist.

To one of these chains, the broad iron band round his waist, I secured Paul. Withdrawing my handkerchief from his mouth, for there was no fear of his cries being heard, and I had no object in causing him physical discomfort, unheeding his protestations, threats and pleadings, I left him.

In the village all was commotion over my departure.

It was at hour or more before I succeeded in getting rid of my friends.

At last I entered my home for the last time, made certain preparations and emerged with a parcel under my arm. This I placed under the seat of the vehicle in which I would drive to Karnoul, arrangements having been made to send the conveyance back. Farewells said, amid the cheers of my friends—and every person in the village was my friend—I took my departure.

Katrina, I did not call upon, though she waved her handkerchief from the window. This act I pretended not to see. An hour's fast driving and I was in sight of the guardhouse.

Paul brightened as I entered. "I was afraid you meant to leave me here all night for a joke," he said, a trifle nervously. I thought.

"I am even now on my way to Karnoul. I called to bid you good-by," I said simply.

There was a narrow billet of wood which I had carried to the place long before for a seat. This I picked up and placed upright within bare reach of my captive. On the top I placed the loaf of black bread from the parcel.

"Why did you return so soon?" I asked him.

"My business took a shorter time than expected," he replied, giving me a strange look.

"And the road you traversed is a dangerous one," I observed smilingly. "What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

"That you will not be missed."

"Alexis! Surely you are not going to leave me here? No one has been here for fifty years; none will come. I shall die," Paul moaned.

I folded my arms over my chest and laughed.

"This loaf of bread is the artistic touch to my joke, Paul. It is food. You will be hungry. Don't devour it all in a day, for there will be none left for the dreary days to come when you will hope for rescue; hope, when in your heart you will know that there can be no hope.

"First, you will pick off a corner of the bread; then, when hunger grips, a little more. Soon all will be gone, and you will die. I shall never return. Good-by, Paul."

As I made my way back to the horse his voice came to me.

"Alexis! For pity's sake, Alexis!"

This, with variations, I heard until halfway down the hill, when the sounds became like whispers, and long ere I reached the road all was silent, though I knew he was still calling.

Twenty-five years had passed since all this had happened. I would look at the guardhouse, then proceed to the village, posing as a traveler until I could hear of Katrina.

As I approached the place my fear of recognition vanished. None would know me, I had changed so greatly. Even my voice was different. I would just peep in before returning to the waiting Ivan.

As I stepped inside something caught my eye. I stopped abruptly; my heart started tapping in my ears.

Perspiration broke from me. I was afraid.

Then, as the truth flashed upon me, I shrank back and clutched at the wall for support.

Under the iron waistband to which I had fastened Paul lay a pile of bones, while shreds of clothing hung from the chains. There was no need to look at the buttons, the little personal articles from the pockets; that was unnecessary; I knew them at once for Paul's.

I shivered.

Paul must have reached out for the loaf and in his fright knocked over the insecurely placed log, the action causing the bread to roll out of his reach.

Yes, that was it. Naturally, the bread had long ago disappeared—the rats had seen to that.

And the file—the strong file—I had imbedded in the loaf—the file with which he was to release himself—lay on the floor, a good two feet out of his reach!

"What is it? Did you see the ghost?" Ivan asked on my return, starting as he saw my face.

"Yes—that's it—the ghost," I stammered. "Drive back to Karnoul. I am not going to Ragorak."

I dared not ask him of Katrina.

How Bookworms Are Tracked.

To guard the 8,000,000 books in the New York library against the ravages of bookworms and other insects, which feed upon the paper, the glue on the backs, and the cloth and leather bindings, a constant care is exercised, and a keen watch kept for any evidence of their activities. One woman is assigned exclusively to this work. When treating the books, she wears a huge apron which completely covers her gown. A cheesecloth veil protects her face against the germs which lurk in the dusty documents, and even the air she breathes is screened against contagion. Close touch is kept with the health department, and books which have been returned from infected areas are fumigated before being restored to circulation.

The Wrong Surmise.

"There goes Professor Diggers," said the cub reporter. "He knows all about flora and fauna."

"Who's Flora and Fauna?" asked the press agent.

"They are not persons. Flora refers to plant life and fauna to animal life."

"Geel! That's a good joke on me. I had it all doped out that you were talking about a sister act in vaudeville."

Potash Discoveries Confirmed.

Some time ago announcement came from the general offices of Rock Island Lines in Chicago, that indications of potash deposits had been discovered in the Panhandle of Texas. Further investigations have since been made with the result that the Texas Bureau of Geology has found the discoveries so important as to merit a special bulletin that will attract international attention.

The war in Europe shut off the American importations of potash causing a shortage that has been keenly felt, and spurring geologists to greater efforts to find a source of supply in this country that would make the agricultural and other industries independent of the German kali mines, which now practically control the world's output. Potash finds its greatest use as fertilizer and American imports have run as high as \$11,000,000 a year.

Previous reports were based on indications found in a well at Spur, Texas, and at that time it was thought the location of the deposits would be disclosed somewhere in southwestern Oklahoma. Later investigation however, leads to the belief that the source of the potash is in the immediate vicinity of Amarillo, Texas, this being based on analysis of rock from borings at Glenrio, Boden and Miller. Potash bearing salts were found in wells at these points at depths so much shallower than the discoveries at Spur, that geologists are convinced that they are now near the source. Following is quoted from the bulletin of the Texas Bureau of Geology:

"One very significant feature of the occurrence of the red potash-bearing salt is that it is found near, or in the upper part of the principal salt beds explored. Six hundred feet of salt underlies the red potash bearing salt in the Miller boring and 500 feet underlies the same material in the Boden boring. It seems very unlikely that this condition should have been reached at the same time in two places thirty miles apart—this being the distance between the Boden and Miller borings—without resulting in the deposition somewhere of considerable quantities of potash salts. With evidence that saturation for potash salts was attained in two places and perhaps in three, (Adrian) so far apart, this condition may be presumed to have been quite general."

Analysis of the "red salt" secured from these borings showed in one case as high as 9.23 per cent of potash.

The writer of the bulletin, Prof. J. A. Udden, concludes:

"Everything considered, the present writer believes that the problematic existence of utilizable potash in association with the Permian salt beds in the southwest is, by these finds, rendered sufficiently probable to warrant the beginning of explorations to settle the question of its presence or absence."

It is further pointed out that these explorations should be made in the vicinity of the three wells named, and that extensive salt beds, underlie not only the greater part of the Panhandle, but extend south to Upton county, Texas, and west into New Mexico.

Some idea of the importance of these discoveries and their development may be formed by considering the following figures concerning the German potash industry, which centers at the town of Stassfurt, near the Harz mountains:

Number of men employed in the mines, 35,000.

World's demand for potash amounts to over 11,000,000 tons a year, the bulk of which is supplied by the Stassfurt mines.

Importations by the United States in 1911, 1,002,326 tons for

fertilizer purposes and 22,828 tons for industrial use.

Chemical works are located at the mines to refine the crude salts and prepare the product for its commercial uses, which include besides fertilizers, the manufacture of carbonate of potash, caustic potash, nitrate of potash, chlorate of potash and other compounds used by doctors, photographers, dyers, cleaners, bleachers, weavers, soap makers and electricians. The mineral, in one form or another, is used in the manufacture of fireworks, gunpowder, matches, glass, paper, aniline dyes and in the extraction of gold for ores.

Various methods of extracting potash from other substances have resulted in supplying only infinitesimal quantities, and the commercial world has been on the hunt many years, for a dependable source that would relieve the drain on Germany's diminishing deposits. If development of the prospects near Amarillo results favorably, it will give that section an industry of gigantic proportions.

As I am making room in my Greenhouses to bench my new stock of Roses, Mums and Carnations, I offer the old stock of Roses and Carnations for 10 to 15 cents if taken at once. A great reduction on all plants less than wholesale. Geraniums 50 to 75 cents a dozen. I have a new up-to-date Florist who will put out first class funeral work, which is a speciality. Send your wants to Eggleston's Greenhouse.

Livery and Feed Stables.

Schaberg Bros. have recently purchased the livery business of the old reliable firm of J. C. Young, Sr., and are prepared to furnish the public with carriages at reasonable prices to and from churches and other public gatherings and also buggies and other accommodations pertaining to the livery business.

SCHARBERG BROS.

Lexington, Mo.

Dr. G. W. Fredendall went to Kansas City Tuesday morning to spend the day on professional business.

Miss Chessie Nave went to Kansas City Tuesday for a few days' visit.

MISSOURI BANKS TO HAVE FAIR EXHIBIT

Demonstration of New Banking Act to Be Seen This Fall.

The ultimate aim of the Missouri State Fair is to enrich not only the minds of Missourians but to add to the material wealth of the state as well. To that end the bankers of Missouri are to put on a demonstration of Missouri's new banking act at the State Fair this fall and show to Missourians that while they are accumulating money and their lands and live stock are constantly growing in value that the financial institutions are keeping pace with the times and making it possible to Missouri's constantly increasing wealth to be conserved in Missouri's banks with the maximum of safety. Missouri's new state bank act is said to be the model of the United States and the exhibit at Sedalia this fall will show how the examinations are conducted under it and how all deposits are doubly safeguarded. This will be one of the most unique exhibits at the State Fair at Sedalia September 25 to October 2, for the farmer and business man as well as bankers.

Miss Marion Gaffin returned home Friday evening from an extended visit in Belmonte, Iowa.

Miss Belle Edmonds went to Waterloo Saturday morning for a visit.

THE BEST LOAN

is the one that

(1) Gives the farmer plenty of time to make improvements, buy more land, improve his stock, seed land down to grass and get ready to make money on the farm before the loan comes due.

(2) Allows the farmer to pay small amounts on his loan from time to time without waiting for the interest pay day, and thereby gradually get out of debt.

We make such loans. On request complete information will be furnished.

CORN BELT MORTGAGE CO.

J. JAMES L. LOMBARD, Pres't.
1012 Baltimore Ave. KANSAS CITY, MO.

Miss Olive Brandt, who has been attending Central College, but remained in Lexington for a visit with Miss Edith Burton, left Saturday for her home in Chillicothe, Mo.



Flavor and Quality

You can be sure of the freshness and wholesomeness of Supreme Butter and Supreme Eggs; and there's really fine flavor in the Morris ready-to-eat food products, and not a whit less of quality. Quality is the watchword in the great Morris kitchens—and rare skill sees to it that there's uniform goodness in

SUPREME Food Products

Stock your pantry with Supreme Ham and Supreme Bacon; or a Supreme Boiled Ham for Sunday Suppers or the week day lunches. You'll find Supreme Cheese and Supreme Canned Meats just fine. Thousands of good dealers sell them. Find the one near you and you'll find a reliable merchant.

"It's Always Safe to Say Supreme"

Morris & Company